

not run smooth, but has to fight its way through alarms and despairs, surprises and vicissitudes. The feelings, too, need variation. One remedy is to quarrel; but there are less drastic methods: lovers can easily—none more easily—be scolded or mocked, tantalised and teased. In a word, the two great dangers of love-letters are sentimentality and boredom; the two great safeguards, with these as with other letters (and with everything else in life), are gaiety and grace.

So much for the art of letter-writing; it is time to return to Dorothy Osborne, whose romance we have delayed almost as long as her obdurate relatives. Certainly in these love-letters struggles with circumstance are not wanting. Her brother Henry in particular (not the same brother, it seems, as was with her in the Isle of Wight—that was probably a younger one called Robin) set his face violently against her marrying Temple, whom he disliked and despised as being an adventurer and an atheist; although it looks almost as if the real crime of Dorothy's lover was his love for her, and her brother's real motive a passionate jealousy. Eight years her elder, he was intensely possessive in his feeling: 'he is much of your sister's humour', writes Dorothy to Temple, 'and many times wishes me a husband that loved me as well as he does (though he seems to doubt the possibility on't), but never desires that I should love that husband with

any passion,
and plainly tells me so. He says it would not
be so well
for him, nor perhaps for me, that I should;
for he is of
opinion that all passions have more of
trouble than of
satisfaction in them/ (This seems rather a
flimsy excuse.)
'But, seriously,' she goes on, 'I many times
receive letters
from him, that were they seen without any
address to
me or his name, nobody would believe they
were from a
brother; and I cannot but tell him
sometimes that, sure,